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# U1-11720 MONSTER TALES

DRACULA'S GUEST .....	6
<i>For the first time in any magazine! A classic of nerve-chilling horror!</i>	
DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS .....	12
<i>Was mankind doomed as the monster plants ravaged and destroyed?</i>	
HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN .....	20
<i>One of the greatest terror classics of all time!</i>	
THEM .....	26
<i>They grew to gigantic size and threatened the U.S.A. with screaming hordes of thundering hate and fury!</i>	
THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU .....	34
<i>The original novel, PLUS photos from a private collection—available only to this magazine!</i>	
MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE .....	48
<i>Scenes never published until now! The master of shock spins a web of horror and suspense!</i>	



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# The greatest literary find ever!



## DRACULA'S GUEST

# Lost chapter from the

Reviewed by SAM MOSKOWITZ



The glorious form of shroud-draped Gloria Holden, lips moistened with fresh blood, rising with seductive appetite from a bier in *Dracula's Daughter* (Universal, 1936) sent horror film fans scuttling to see if there was more to the Dracula legend than they had initially realized. Nowhere in the book version of *Dracula* by Bram Stoker were they able to find any reference to this blood kin. Evidently, they felt, the movie was little more than a Hollywood writer's night-

mare and bore as little relation to the original book as *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein* did to Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley's 1818 classic *Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus*.

They were wrong, as they instantly realized when Hillman-Curl, Inc. issued as "A Clue Club" mystery; a collection of short stories titled *Dracula's Guest* by Bram Stoker with a somberly green book jacket illustrated with an appropriate scene from *Dracula's*

*Daughter*. The appearance of this volume in 1937 was its first publication in the United States but it had gone through many editions under the imprint of Routledge, London, from 1914 onwards. *Dracula's Guest* comprised but one short story in the volume, a collection of some of the best uncollected tales of Bram Stoker.

The book quickly cleared up the mystery of the story's origin. It was not, as some claimed, a sequel or the

# original vampire novel!



beginnings of a sequel to *Dracula*. Its true nature was clearly expounded in a brief introduction by Bram Stoker's widow Florence A. L. Bram Stoker:

A few months before the lamented death of my husband—I might say even as the shadow of death was over him—he planned three series of short stories for publication, and the present volume is one of them. To his original list I have added an hitherto unpublished episode from "Dracula." It was originally excised owing to the length of the book, and may prove of interest to the many readers of what is considered my husband's most remarkable work."

She also made it clear that she had permitted no revision to be made in his work. It remained exactly as he had written it.

*Dracula* first appeared, minus this chapter, in 1897, published by the London firm of Archibald Constable and Company. The first edition has become an expensive collector's item today, bound in bright yellow cloth with the title and author stamped in blood red on both the front and the back. In the binding design every attempt had been made to convey vividly an impression of blatant sensationalism, and the outward appearance of the book is at least 30 years more modern than one would expect.

The character of *Dracula* was based on an actual historical figure—Voivode Drakula, monarch of Wallachia during the years 1455-62—actually referred to in older writings as a "wampyr." The prototype was something of a national hero battling the Turks with consummate skill and feverish fiendishness. Because of his successful record against difficult odds, as well as his penchant for extreme cruelty (at which art the Turks were no amateurs), the legend of the supernatural gradually evolved about him and his relatives.

Therefore, *Dracula*, as he appeared in the novel, was not completely woven out of Stoker's imagination but based upon an actual man and the bizarre legends surrounding him.

Was the excised chapter, later published as *Dracula's Guest*, but a weak fragment, just as well omitted from the final work?

Scarcely.

In writing skill, invention, supernatural props, atmosphere and adroit

bandling it was in Stoker's best form. Beyond that, despite the fact that it was never intended to stand alone, it comes very close to qualifying as a well-formed short story.

The missing section evidently was intended to fit into the very first pages of *Dracula* or even to open the book and additional transitional matter was written to smooth the flow after the decision was made to remove it. The segment is part of Jonathan Harker's Journal (kept in shorthand).

The protagonist has been invited to the castle of Dracula and sets out from the Munich hotel of Quatre Saisons for a pleasant ride in the outer areas prior to continuing to Transylvania. Before he leaves, his driver is cautioned by the hotel owner:

"Remember to come back by nightfall. The sky looks bright but there is a shiver in the north wind that says there may be a sudden storm. But I am sure you will not be late." Here he smiled, and added, "for you know what night it is."

Johann answered with an emphatic, "Ja, mein Herr," and, touching his hat, drove off quickly. When we had cleared the town, I said,

after signaling him to stop:

"Tell me, Johann, what is tonight?"

He crossed himself, as he answered laconically: "Walpurgis Nacht."

The ride carries them past an inviting road, which disappears down into a valley. Intrigued, Jonathan Harker asks the driver to turn into it, but is refused. There is a deserted village down that road that has not been lived in for hundreds of years. The place is regarded with superstitious fear by nearby residents, who rarely venture there and never on "Walpurgis Nacht." There are strange omens in the wind. The horses rear in fear. In the distance there is the yelping of wolves, a strange sound so close to Munich.

To dissuade Harker from venturing further the coach driver expounds the legend. "... long ago, hundreds of years, men had died there and been buried in their graves; and sounds were heard under the clay, and when the graves were opened, men and women were found rosy with life, and their mouths red with blood. And so, in haste to save their lives (aye, an their souls!)—and here he crossed himself) those who were







left fled away to other places, where the living lived, and the dead were dead and not—not something."

Amused by the driver's fear, Jonathan Harker leaves the coach and jauntily saunters with his walking stick towards the deserted village. The village is further off than he imagined, and the sky grows dark and the wind

chill. Finally, in the light of the moon, he reaches a marble tomb upon which is engraved:

**COUNTESS DOLINGEN OF  
GRATZ IN STYRIA  
SOUGHT AND FOUND DEAD  
1801**

An iron spike is imbedded in the top of the tomb on which are cut in large Russian letters the cryptic phrase: "The dead travel fast."

A storm rises, the ferocity of which drives Harker into the shelter of the tomb. Of that incident Harker writes: "The shelter of even a tomb was welcome in that pitiless tempest,





and I was about to enter it when there came a flash of forked lightning that lit up the whole expanse of the heavens. In the instant, as I am a

living man, I saw, my eyes turned into the darkness of the tomb, a beautiful woman, with rounded cheeks and red lips, seemingly sleeping on a bier. . .

Just then there came another blinding flash, which seemed to strike the iron stake that surmounted the tomb and to pour through to the earth, blasting and crumbling the marble, as in a burst of flame. The dead woman rose for a moment of agony, while she was lapped in the flame, and her bitter scream of pain was drowned in the thundercrash."

From that brief passage was derived the central idea of the motion picture of *Dracula's Daughter*. However, it is not the end of the story.

The apparent force of the lightning tosses Harker from the tomb, and after an indefinite period of unconsciousness, he comes to with the realization that "Some great animal was lying on me and now licking my throat. I feared to stir, for some instinct of prudence bade me lie still; but the brute seemed to realize that there was now some change in me, for it raised its head. Through my eyelashes I saw above me the two great flaming eyes of a gigantic wolf. Its sharp white teeth gleamed in the gaping red mouth, and I could feel its hot breath fierce and acrid upon me."

Quite sensibly Harker blanks out again. He regains consciousness to hear the wolf yelp in a peculiar fashion, almost as though signaling someone. Gradually the sound of voices become apparent and the wolf yelps "faster and louder." As a troop of horsemen mount a rise, the wolf leaps from the breast of Harker and heads for the cemetery, eluding several shots fired in his direction.

With fear and trembling the rescuers comment of the wolf:

It — it — indeed!" gibbered one, whose wits had plainly given out for the moment.

"A wolf — and yet not a wolf!" another put in shudderingly.

"No use trying for him without the sacred bullet," a third remarked in a more ordinary manner.

"Serves us right for coming out on this night! Truly we have earned our thousand marks!" were the ejaculations of a fourth.

"There was blood on the broken marble," another said after a pause — "the lightning never brought that there, and for him — is he safe? Look at his throat! See, comrades, the wolf has been lying on him and keeping his blood warm."

It was now evident that the "wolf"





was a werewolf and it had saved Harker's life.

When Harker returns to the hotel, he asks how was it that the soldiers had been sent to search for him. The hotel keeper produces a telegram from "Dracula." It reads in part: "Be careful of my guest—his safety is most precious to me. There are often dangers from snow and wolves and night. . . . Lose not a moment if you suspect harm to him. I answer your zeal with my fortune."

The piece ends with the realization by Harker that "From a distant country had come, in the very nick of time, a message that took me out of the danger of the snow-sleep and the jaws of the wolf."





**Monster plants on the rampage!**

# **THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS**

A shower of meteors lights the night sky into beautiful red hues. Strange, persistent meteorites . . . from outside our galaxy. People the world over stare upward in wonder at the celestial show.

AND ARE BLINDED!

Everyone, every human being on this planet who has seen the meteor shower is struck sightless. A world gone blind, groping, helpless, unable to run the machinery upon which civilization depends. Easy prey for the REAL horror which the meteorites have brought to this planet . . .

The TRIFFIDS!

From outer space have come spores and seedlings . . . tiny visitors which overnight spawn into plants from Hell! Plants that move . . . giant, man-killing creatures that can walk . . . whose tentacles can reach out and cause instant death!





These are the triffids, gigantic and hideous, out to devour the human race. They are the menace of **THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS**, an exciting 1963 science fiction film from England which starred Howard Keel, was made in Cinemascope and color, and was based on a best-seller by John Wyndham.

Although most of the world has been blinded by the meteors, there are a few humans who have been spared. One of them is Bill Masen (Keel), an American seaman recovering from an eye operation in a London hospital. He rips off his bandages and leaves the deserted hospital to find a city gone mad. Two others are marine biologists in a lighthouse off the coast of Cornwall—Tom Goodwin and his wife Karen (Kieron Moore, Janette Scott). Although Bill Masen and the Goodwins never meet, **DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS** tells both their stories.

London is a city in the grip of terror. Those people still alive run about madly, blind and hysterical, easy victims to the advancing triffids. Bill Masen finds another person who can see—a young girl named Susan—and together they commandeer a launch and cross the English Channel, hoping that the situation is different in France. But the triffids are everywhere.







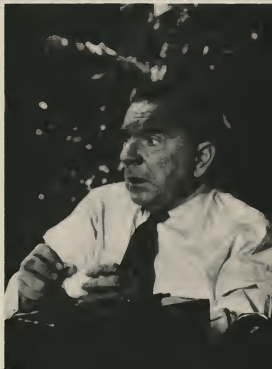




However, in a French road they come across beautiful Christine Durrant (Nicole Maurey), who also has escaped blindness. She leads them to her chateau, which she and her brother have turned into a hospital. But convicts from a nearby prison, who also can see, break into the chateau—determined to have one last, lusty fling. Bill, Susan and Christine escape just in time—the triffids have surrounded the ancient building—and head for what they hope is safety; a naval base at Alicante, Spain.

At the lighthouse, meanwhile, Tom Goodwin kills a triffid with a harpoon—or seemingly kills it. Curious, he performs an "autopsy" . . . but can find nothing that mankind can use as a weapon against the creatures. And as he and his wife snatch a few hours' sleep, the "dead" triffid stirs . . .

Back to Bill and his friends, now driving through the Spanish countryside in a commandeered circus callope truck. They seek shelter in a farmhouse, and help deliver a baby, gratified to note that new children born into the world are not blind. But, as night falls, a vast army of triffids—triffids by the hundreds of thousands—surround the farm. A burning gasoline truck takes care of the first ranks of the creatures . . . and Bill makes a discovery. The eye-less invaders are attracted by noise. So he drives off in the callope truck, leading the triffids into the sea. He and his friends are safe for the moment.















At the lighthouse, however, Tom Goodwin and his wife are not safe. The triffids have multiplied, and have forced their way into the place. Tom and Karen are backed up the stairs, knowing that a touch from the triffids' tentacles is fatal. But Tom knows, too, that once they have reached the top of the lighthouse there is nowhere left to go. In desperation, he reaches for the fire hose and turns it on the nearest creature . . . **AND SEES THE ADVANCING TRIFFID DISSOLVE INTO PUTRESCENT MUCK UNDER THE FORCE OF THE SPRAY!**

Sea water . . . ordinary sea water . . . plentiful sea water with its highly corrosive salt content . . . this is the weapon which will save what is left of humanity! This is what will destroy the triffids!

Tom Goodwin splashes through the gray, slimy mud—

all that is left of the massive invader—and runs for his wireless set. The first step has been taken in the rebuilding of the world.

The last scene in this film is a *depressing* one, and elevates the flick to the position of a minor classic.

We see Bill Mase and others coming out of a church. As the giant bell in the steeple rings, he turns and says, "Mankind now has a chance. Today, we indeed should be thankful—to a higher power!"

That's all. **THE END** flashes on the screen. The lights in the theatre come on. The audience gets up from their seats. But memories linger on—for this much-neglected, inspiring movie—the victim of poor national distribution and shoddy publicity campaigns—is truly a masterpiece of its kind. Maybe 20 years from now, it will be accorded the praise it deserves!



# HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN

MADDENED MAN-BEAST

CHAMBER OF GORE

HOUSEFUL OF HORRORS

WOLF-CREATURE

TOP MONSTROSITIES

MACABRE EXPERIMENTS

The wind howls ...  
The shadows are long ...  
Ahead of you ... the  
crumbling battlements of  
a bleak ruin ...  
If you dare ... step inside





"All together . . . the screen's titans of terror!"

And just like the advertisements promised, HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN was a house-full of monsters, more monsters than had ever been gathered together for a horror film before. Frankenstein's creature . . . the Wolf Man . . . Dracula . . . a hunchback . . . a mad doctor . . . all for the price of a single admission. The sixth film in the Frankenstein series—fourteen years after the creation of Frankenstein's monster in the studios of Universal—HOUSE promised to be a blockbuster.

The year—1945. World War II was still raging in the European and Pacific areas. The horror film cycle of the early forties that had started with the meteoric rise in the career of Lon Chaney Jr. seemed to some to have played itself out. Particularly so with the Frankenstein theme. Stories involving the creature alone had lost a good deal of their excitement. Something else—some other plus—was needed. Universal had experimented two years before by having Frankenstein meet the Wolf Man, the studio's other great monster "star." It was a great success—and a good horror film.

This time, Universal was to go whole hog: it would pack its next installment of the Frankenstein saga not only with its three top horror creations, Frankenstein, the Wolf Man and Dracula, but with other spine-tinglers as well! And it peopled this house of horrors with a spectacular cast of players.

Most spectacular of all was the return of Boris Karloff to the Frankenstein scene! Karloff, who had catapulted to fame playing the monster in the original FRANKENSTEIN and in two sequels, left the series six years before, claiming that the role of the creature had, for him, exhausted its possibilities. Now he was back . . . Karloff the Great . . . playing, this time, not Frankenstein's creation but the insane scientist who would bring that creation once again back to life!

Co-starred with Boris Karloff was Lon Chaney Jr., who—in a few brief years—had played ALL of Universal's top monstrosities. He had taken over the role of Frankenstein's monster from Karloff. He had succeeded Bela Lugosi in playing Dracula. And he had brought his own great acting

talent to the role he originated and played to perfection: Larry Talbot, the Wolf Man.

But, with Lon Chaney as the Wolf Man, who was to play the most pivotal role of all—the role on which the title of the film was built—that of Frankenstein's creation? Bela Lugosi had played it in the last previous entry in the series, but, great actor that he was, the casting had been something of a mistake. At any rate, Lugosi was no longer available to Universal. So another actor was needed.

It was Universal's make-up genius Jack Pearce—who had created the makeup for the original FRANKENSTEIN—who "discovered" Glenn Strange, and nominated him for the coveted role. Strange, an ex-cowboy, wrestler and stuntman before turning to acting, had portrayed one previous "monster" role—as the simple farm-hand George Zucco changes into a wolf-creature in MAD MONSTER. In facial structure and in build, he was perfect for the portrayal of Frankenstein's creation . . . a part he was to play three times in all, as many times as Karloff.

For the role of the sinister Count Dracula, Universal chose the tall, lean Shakespearean actor John Carradine, who had the year before played BLUEBEARD. J. Carol Naish was given the part of Daniel the hunchback, and George Zucco makes a brief appearance as "Professor" Lampini, proprietor of a traveling horror show. More or less as window dressing, Universal threw in Anne Gwynne and Peter Coe as a romantic team, and Lionel Atwill.

And, having gathered together a topnotch cast for THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, Universal proceeded to turn out a topnotch horror film.

The story begins behind the grim walls of a prison in the medieval town of Neustadt. Imprisoned for fifteen years for macabre and unnatural scientific experiments, the bearded Dr. Gustav Niemann, has eyes ablaze with madness, explains to the prisoner in the next cell how in years past Dr. Frankenstein, his teacher, has transplanted the brain of a man into the head of a dog. Daniel, the adjoining prisoner, listens intently. He is a hunchback, and hopes Niemann will someday do the same for him—

transplant HIS brain into a perfect body!

Suddenly, a flash of lightning illuminates the cell and the medical diagrams Niemann has scrawled upon its walls. A violent storm brews outside . . . and the force of it breaks the stone walls of the ancient prison. Niemann and Daniel escape into the night and the rain.

The scene changes. It is now a storm-lashed road and a circus wagon; Professor Lampini's travelling Chamber of Horrors is stuck in mud. Niemann and Daniel help Lampini extricate his caravan and soon are comfortably inside, listening to Lampini as he describes his collection of exhibits. His prize: the actual skeleton of Count Dracula, a stake through its rib-cage, displayed in a coffin filled with earth taken from his Transylvanian homeland. As Lampini rambles on, Niemann thinks: *What a perfect travelling hideaway: If I became Lampini, I could journey to those who placed me in prison . . . and have my revenge!* He signals Daniel, who stands behind the Professor. A moment later, the Professor is dead.

Soon the travelling show is in the small town of Reigelburg, where Herr Hussman, the burgomaister, once testified against Dr. Niemann. The insane scientist, who has shaved his beard, stops his caravan in the town square and exhibits it to a crowd that includes both the burgomaister and his beautiful daughter, who has just become a bride.

That evening, Niemann pulls the stake from the skeleton of Count Dracula. Slowly, the skeleton is clothed in veins and flesh . . . it is Dracula returned to life! The two face one another, and Niemann strikes a bargain: in return for having restored him to freedom, the Count must do Niemann one favor—become the instrument of his revenge against Herr Hussman.

A bat is seen flapping near the burgomaister's home . . . and Hussman dies. But Dracula has caught a glimpse of Hussman's daughter, and later approaches her—as "Baron Latos." This proves his undoing. The girl's husband recognizes him as a vampire, and a fantastic pursuit begins, through the night. Dracula cannot reach his coffin before dawn . . . and disintegrates. Meanwhile, The Lampini circus rolls on. Days



later, they are on the outskirts of the village of Frankenstein. Niemann is here to collect, if he can, the notes of his old teacher, Henry Frankenstein. They come upon a gypsy camp, and Daniel spies a beautiful young gypsy dancing girl being mistreated by a tribesman, who is whipping her. He seizes the whip and uses it on its owner, and makes off with the unconscious girl. He begs Niemann to allow the girl to travel with them, and the scientist grudgingly consents.

It is late that night, in the ruins of Frankenstein's castle. (The grim structure had been destroyed by the floodwaters of a burst dam at the end of the last film, as you recall.) Niemann and Daniel, searching for the dead scientist's papers, stumble into some subterranean chambers . . . and find the bodies of Frankenstein's







SOME PARTY  
EH, DOC

SCRATCH A LITTLE  
LOWER, HARRY



monster and the Wolfman, frozen in great slabs of ice!

Using timbers from the castle itself, Niemann and Daniel build great fires and thaw out the two bodies. Immediately the Wolfman's visage changes . . . and he is transformed into the pathetic Lawrence Talbot, wearer of the Sign of the Pentagram, a cursed lycanthrop, wanting only to die.

Die? But there is no need, Niemann reasons. "Let me transfer your brain into a *normal* body—then you will be rid of the pentagram forever!" All Niemann needs is old Dr. Frankenstein's notes . . . and Talbot shows him where they have been secreted. Taking the body of Frankenstein's monster with them, they journey on to Vasaria, where lies Dr. Niemann's old home—and laboratory.

While they travel, Ilonka, the young gypsy girl, finds the moody and tragic Larry Talbot fascinating. Daniel is furiously jealous, and Larry does not respond to the girl's attentions. He knows what can happen when the moon is full. But Ilonka—despite Larry's hostility—finds herself falling in love with him.

At Vasaria, Niemann opens his old estate and unlocks his laboratory.





Soon, electrical impulses are charging through the body of Frankenstein's creation once again, and the great experiments in probing the secrets of life and death have resumed. As well, two of the townspeople have disappeared—two who in other years had been the cause of Niemann's arrest. And the moon has become full while things are coming rapidly to a head.

Ilonka now knows that Larry Talbot is a lycanthrop—he has confessed to her. She also knows that the only thing that can kill such a creature is a silver bullet fired by one who loves him. She fashions such a bullet from a silver gypsy charm . . . but it does not save her. That night, under the rays of the full moon, a maddened, hairy man-beast—Lawrence Talbot transformed—leaps on her and tears out her throat. With her last ounce of strength, she fires her silver pellet at him . . . and the tragic figure, restored to his original appearance, expires.

Daniel sees the bodies, and is infuriated. Ilonka, whom he loved, is dead! And it is all really Niemann's fault, for had the doctor given him a new body—Talbot's body—as he promised, instead of trying to bring Frankenstein's creation back to life, all this would not have happened. He turns on Niemann in his laboratory—just as the monster is restored to full electrical life!

The monster breaks free from the operating table and, seeing Daniel trying to strangle Niemann, picks up the hunchback and throws him out a window. Meanwhile a mob of villagers, seeing flashing lights in the laboratory and remembering what has happened here fifteen years before, have gathered with torches—just in time to see Frankenstein's monster pick up the wounded Niemann. Trying to escape the villagers, the monster—carrying the doctor—backs into a bog, and finds himself kneedeep in quicksand. He is unable to extricate himself and, as the villagers watch, both Frankenstein's creation and the mad Dr. Niemann sink beneath the surface of the deadly quicksand.

And there they remain. At least until the next film in the series, *HOUSE OF DRACULA*, which was made that very same year.





*One of the greatest terror films made!*

# Them!







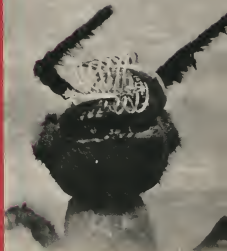
The police in the helicopter, flying low over the Nevada desert, were the first to spot her. A little girl, stumbling over the dunes, clutching a rag doll. Dazed, unable to speak, her eyes focused on some invisible terror. . . .

At county police headquarters, Sergeant Ben Peterson (James Whitmore) is stumped. Where were the little girl's parents? Something had obviously so terrified her that she was in a state of shock, but what could it have been? Then, the helicopter patrolmen radio in another report. Miles from where they had found the girl, a trailer lies smashed in the sand. Although it appears completely ransacked, no money has been taken. Only sugar lies scattered over the floor. . . . and the owners of the trailer have completely disappeared, as if the desert had opened up and swallowed them.

Sugar? What sort of sweet-tooth thief, Ben puzzles, would want sugar? Then, a desert general store is broken into, and its contents completely torn apart. This time, however, a body is found: the proprietor, his throat ripped open, the shotgun bent double in his hand. Again, no money is missing, but open sacks of sugar are scattered across the floor. . . .

To deepen the mystery, the coroner's report on the murdered shopkeeper reveals that his body contains enough formic acid to kill a dozen men!

Formic acid? Acting on a hunch, Ben goes





to the little girl, still in a state of shock, and opens a bottle of formic acid under her nose. The reaction is instantaneous. The girl leaps up, her eyes wide with terror, and screams: "Them! Them! THEM!!"

And that is one of the initial high-points of one of the best science-fiction horror films ever made, the 1954 Warner Brothers shocker called THEM, based on the story by George Worthington Yates. More than just a good thriller, THEM established a pattern for nearly every good sci-fi film to follow it. But, while many movies to come after were modeled on THEM, none of them were as electrifying.

But, back to our story: What could the girl mean by "Them?" Ben wondered. What could kill the storekeeper that way . . . and for sugar?? The answer comes the following morning . . . when a footprint is discovered in the desert sand. It is the footprint of an ant . . . but an ant thousands of times enlarged. Proportionately, the creature which made that print should be a gigantic thing, as large and as tall as a human. Perhaps bigger.

This startling discovery brings to the desert outpost three other key members of our cast: FBI man Robert Graham (James Arness), plus Department of Agriculture scientist Harold Medford (Edmund Gwenn) and his daughter Patricia (Joan Weldon). It is Dr. Medford who advances a theory about the creatures. They are mutations . . . spawned as a radioactive by-product of the Nevada atomic tests. They must be sought out and destroyed.

A systematic search is made of the desert area. A monstrous ant-hill is discovered . . . and trained army militiamen are lowered into the tunnels of the nest for practically hand-to-hand combat with the gigantic creatures. The ants are fantastic . . . grotesque . . . with large, hairy tendrils, claws that can kill. . . .

Poison gas disposes of the ants in the desert nest. But as Ben and Bob Graham push in towards the queen's chamber, they come upon three hatched and empty eggs. A queen and two dromies have escaped!















And, as Dr. Medford explains, this is a very dangerous situation. The queen can start a new nest elsewhere . . . and it is a very distinct possibility that unless she is found, she and her offspring can populate the world . . . and end civilization, as we know it. She must be stopped before her eggs can hatch. "We have a very short time, gentlemen. . . ."

One of the drones is discovered in the hold of a ship at sea, and is destroyed. But it is the queen which must be found. Bob Graham and Ben anxiously scan all reports of unusual foodstuff raids, etc., for a clue to the whereabouts of the giant ants. Time is running out when they receive a casual report of a man and two boys disappearing in the vicinity of the Los Angeles drainage system. The Los Angeles drainage system? . . . Tunnels! Very much like the tunnels ants build in their own nests! Could the queen ant have taken refuge there?

A squadron of picked men equipped with flame throwers enter the tunnel, with Ben and Bob in the lead, for they have had experience fighting the killer ants before. Suddenly, they hear a cry. The two youngsters who have disappeared are still alive—caught in the tunnel. Behind them . . . the huge ants, striking out to protect a nest of eggs that are about to hatch! In the spectacular climax to this fantastic film, Ben Peterson gives his life to save the two youngsters, and the killer ants—and offspring—are destroyed by flame. The world has been saved . . . from THEM.





Monsters  
in a  
tropical  
paradise!

## THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS

... These creatures  
you have seen are ani-  
mals craven and wrought  
into new shapes. . . . It is  
nearly eleven years since  
I came to this island. At  
that time I took a gorilla,  
and with that creature  
working with infinite  
cave, and mastering dif-  
ficulty after difficulty, I  
made my first man. . . .<sup>21</sup>



The man who speaks holds a scapel. He is a heavy man, with round face, sensuous lips, and a small beard. Because of the heat of this tropical isle his brow is sweaty, but it is an intelligent brow, and a gentleman's face . . . although at times one glimpses a touch of cruel sadism lurking behind those eyes. His name is Doctor Moreau . . .

Dr. Moreau, the Vivisectionist! Moreau, the brilliant young surgeon who more than a decade before had been forced to leave England because of the dark horrors he spawned in his private laboratory . . . the obscene experiments in mutilation he carried out on dogs and other animals. Moreau . . . who had moved his base of operations in secret to a tropical paradise and transformed it into a *island of lost souls!*

From H. G. Wells' famous science-fiction novel, *THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU*, Paramount in 1933 produced a chilling and *daring* motion picture. It was not a pretty story. But it was written by the prophetic genius who was the shaper of *THINGS TO COME*, the man who envisioned *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS* and *FIRST MEN IN THE MOON*. And it was translated to the screen by Philip Wylie, co-author of *WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE*. It was directed by Erle C. Kanton, whose later journeys into horror were to include *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* and *HOUSE OF DRACULA*. All in all, it was motion picture dynamite.

Particularly explosive because that great character actor, Charles Laughton, starred as Dr. Moreau (later the same year he would portray, and receive an Academy Award for *THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII*) . . . and Bela Lugosi would co-star as one of Moreau's horrifying beast-men. Also in the cast: Richard Arlen, Leila Hyams and Kathleen Burke.

*THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS* begins in the deceptive calm of the South Pacific waters . . .

Floating on some debris is Edward Parker, the soul survivor of a ship which has sunk. He is picked up by a steamer carrying a cargo of wild animals being transported to a certain island—an island far off the normal trade routes. A young doctor named Montgomery is the man in charge of transporting these animals, and he and Parker strike up a friendship.







Montgomery has some servants with him, and Parker notices that these are strange, brutish creatures. Everyone on the steamer—its drunken captain, all the crew—hate and fear Montgomery's servants. *Why?*, Parker wonders.

*And then he notices that Montgomery's servants have furry, pointed ears.*

When they arrive at the small isle which is Montgomery's destination, the alcohol-soaked captain unloads Parker as well . . . forcing him to be the unwilling guest of the island's master: Dr. Moreau!

"We are a biological station here . . ." says the rotund, authoritative doctor. He is amiable, pleasant. But Parker is frightened by the grotesque, seemingly deformed servants which Moreau has about him. They don't look like the ordinary natives of this region of the South Pacific, Parker observes . . . they don't look like natives *anywhere*. Lumbering, fanged, furry, hideous . . . *what are they?!*











Why do they cringe in fear of Moreau . . . and mutter of "The House of Pain"? And who is the very feline native girl, Lota, who casts her cat's-eyes at Parker at every opportunity?

And then, Moreau explains.

His servants are not men, *but animals . . . animals transformed into men . . . beasts made to walk erect and stamped with the attributes of humans . . . through the triumph of the vivisectioner's art!* This is Moreau's triumph . . . the result of more than a decade of surgery, genetical experimentation, radiation, grafts . . . *"I have bypassed a thousand years of evolution!"*

Parker is horrified.

. . . and he is even more horrified when he learns what is to be *his* part in Moreau's scientific experimentation.

He is to be the mate of Lota. . . . Lota, Moreau's most successful creation—a woman fashioned from a panther!

However, another pawn in the doctor's infernal game arrives . . . Parker's sweetheart, Ruth, who—through the steamer captain—has traced Parker to this island. Moreau is secretly ecstatic. More humans to mate with his experiments! For he realizes that his work is far from perfect and far from over . . . "the stubborn beast-flesh keeps creeping back . . . as soon as my hand is taken from them the beast begins to assert itself again . . ."

And the beast in his creations *does* assert itself, in the end. When one of the crew Ruth has brought with her is killed, the beast-men realize that their masters are not immortal . . . and, as well, they catch the scent of blood!

Those "thousand years of evolution" slip away . . . and all the grafted human traits of Moreau's "house of pain"—his surgical laboratory—are forgotten as the beast-creatures move in on their creator . . . *and rip him to shreds . . .*

Parker and Ruth escape the island as a fire breaks out during Moreau's struggles and consumes his "biological station." The island of lost souls becomes a sheet of flaming Hell!







*Fantastic Bonus!*

GALLERY OF CHILLING NEW MONSTERS  
CREATED ESPECIALLY FOR YOU!

Pin-ups Suitable for Framing

**TERROR HORROR  
SHOCK FEAR PANIC**



**FIENDS THAT SHUN  
THE LIGHT AND WALK  
BY NIGHT...**



























Edgar Allan Poe's

# MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE

"The corpse of the mother was horribly mutilated . . . all the bones were shattered . . . the whole body dreadfully bruised and discolored."

"... the party made its way into a small paved yard in the rear of the building, where lay the corpse of the old lady, with her throat so entirely cut that, upon an attempt to raise her, the head fell off."

#### EDITOR'S NOTE

The following newly-edited and revised version of Poe's classic tale is doubly interesting to all fans of horror because it is easy to see the difference between the original story and the Bela Lugosi film version. Obviously, only the basic idea was kept, along with Poe's name, and a completely new plot written.



Residing in Paris during the spring and part of the summer of 18—, I there became acquainted with a Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin. This young gentleman was of an excellent, indeed an illustrious family, but, by a variety of events, had been reduced to poverty and he ceased to bestir himself in the world, or to care for the retrieval of his fortunes. By courtesy of his creditors, there still remained in his possession a small remnant of his wealth; and, upon the income arising from this, he managed, by means of a rigorous economy, to procure the necessities of life. Books, indeed, were his sole luxuries, and in Paris these are easily obtained.

Our first meeting was at an obscure library in the Rue Montmartre, where the accident of our both being in search of the same very rare and very remarkable volume, brought us together. We saw each other again and again. I was deeply interested in the little family history which he detailed to me. I was astonished, too, at the vast extent of his reading; and, above all, I felt myself moved by the wild fervor, and the vivid freshness of his imagination. Seeking in Paris the objects I then sought, I felt that the society of such a man would be to me a treasure beyond price; and this feeling I frankly confided to him. It was at length arranged that we should live together during my stay in the city.

Our seclusion was perfect. We admitted no visitors. Indeed, the locality of our retirement had been carefully kept a secret from my own former associates.

At the first dawn of each morning we closed all the shutters of our old building; lighted a couple of candles which, strongly perfumed, threw out only the ghastliest and feeblest of rays. By the aid of these we then busied our souls in dreams—reading, writing, or conversing, until warned by the clock of the advent of the true Darkness. Then we went forth into the streets, arm in arm.

At such times I could not help remarking and admiring a peculiar analytic ability in Dupin. His manner at these moments was frigid and abstract; his eyes were vacant in expression; while his voice, usually a rich tenor, rose into a treble.

Not long after this, we were looking over an evening edition of the "Gazette des Tribunaux," when the following

paragraphs arrested our attention.

"*Extraordinary Murders.* — This morning, about three o'clock, the inhabitants of the Quartier St. Roch were roused from sleep by a succession of terrific shrieks, issuing, apparently, from the fourth story of a house in the Rue Morgue, known to be in the sole occupancy of one Madame L'Espanaye, and her daughter, Mademoiselle Camille L'Espanaye. After some delay, occasioned by a fruitless attempt to procure admission in the usual manner, the gateway was broken in with a crowbar, and eight or ten of the neighbors entered, accompanied by two gendarmes. By this time the cries had ceased; but, as the party rushed up the first flight of stairs, two or more rough voices, in angry contention, were distinguished, and seemed to proceed from the upper part of the house. As the second landing was reached, these sounds, also, had ceased, and everything remained perfectly quiet. The party spread themselves, and hurried from room to room. Upon arriving at a large back chamber in the fourth story (the door of which, being found locked, with the key inside, was forced open), a spectacle presented itself which struck every one present not less with horror than with astonishment.

"The apartment was in the wildest disorder—the furniture broken and thrown about in all directions. There was only one bedstead; and from this the bed had been removed, and thrown into the middle of the floor. On a chair lay a razor, besmeared with blood, and thick tresses of gray human hair, also dabbled with blood, and seeming to have been pulled out by the roots. Upon the floor were found four Napoleons, an earring of topaz, three large silver spoons, three smaller of metal d'Alger, and two bags, containing nearly four thousand francs in gold. The drawers of a bureau, which stood in one corner, were open, and had been, apparently, rifled, although many articles still remained in them. A small iron safe was discovered under the bed (not under the bedstead). It was open, with the key still in the door. It had no contents beyond a few old letters, and other papers of little consequence.

"Of Madame L'Espanaye no traces were here seen; but an unusual quantity of soot being observed in the fire-





Gnashing its teeth, and  
flashing fire from its eyes, it  
flew upon the body of the  
girl, and imbedded its fear-  
ful talons in her throat.





place, a search was made in the chimney, and (horrible to relate!) the corpse of the daughter, head downward, was dragged therefrom; it having been thus forced up the narrow aperture for a considerable distance. The body was quite warm. Upon examining it, many jagged wounds were perceived, no doubt occasioned by the violence with which it had been thrust up and disengaged. Upon the face were many severe scratches, and, upon the throat, dark bruises, and deep indentations of finger nails, as if the deceased had been throttled to death.

"After a thorough investigation of every portion of the house without further discovery, the party made its way into a small paved yard in the rear of the building, where lay the corpse of the old lady, with her throat so entirely cut that, upon an attempt to raise her, the head fell off. The body, as well as the head, was fearfully mutilated—the former so much so as scarcely to retain any semblance of humanity.

"To this horrible mystery there is not as yet, we believe, the slightest clew."

The next day's paper had these additional particulars:

*"The Tragedy in the Rue Morgue.*—Many individuals have been examined in relation to this most extraordinary and frightful affair" [the word *affaire* has not yet, in France, that levity of import which it conveys with us], "but nothing whatever has transpired to throw light upon it. We give below a physician's testimony.

*"Paul Dumas*, physician, deposes that he was called to view the bodies about daybreak. They were both then lying on the sacking of the bedstead in the chamber where Mademoiselle L. was found. The corpse of the young lady was much bruised and scratched. The fact that it had been thrust up the chimney would sufficiently account for these appearances. The throat was greatly chafed. There were several deep scratches just below the chin, together with a series of livid spots which were evidently the impression of fingers. The face was fearfully discolored, and the eyeballs protruded. The tongue had been partially bitten through. A large bruise was discovered upon the pit of the stomach, produced, apparently, by the pressure of a knee. In the opinion of M. Dumas, Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been throttled to death by some person or persons unknown. The corpse of the

mother was horribly mutilated. All the bones of the right leg and arm were more or less shattered. The left tibia much splintered, as well as all the ribs of the left side. Whole body dreadfully bruised and discolored.

"It was not possible to say how the injuries had been inflicted. A heavy club of wood, or a broad bar of iron—a chair—any large, heavy, and obtuse weapon would have produced such results, if wielded by the hands of a very powerful man. No woman could have inflicted the blows with any weapon. The head of the deceased, when seen by witness, was entirely separated from the body, and was also greatly shattered. The throat had evidently been cut with some very sharp instrument—probably with a razor.

"Nothing further of importance was elicited, although several other persons were examined. A murder so mysterious, and so perplexing in all its particulars, was never before committed in Paris—if indeed a murder has been committed at all. The police are entirely at fault—an unusual occurrence in affairs of this nature. There is not, however, the shadow of a clew apparent."

**"... an agility astounding, a strength superhuman, a ferocity brutal, a butchery without motive, a grotesque horror absolutely alien."**

The evening edition of the paper stated that the greatest excitement still continued in the Quartier St. Roch—that the premises in question had been carefully researched, and fresh examinations of witnesses instituted, but all to no purpose. A postscript, however, mentioned that Adolphe Le Bon had been arrested and imprisoned—although nothing appeared to criminate him beyond the facts already detailed.

Dupin seemed singularly interested in the progress of this affair—at least so I judged from his manner, for he made no comments. It was only after the announcement that Le Bon had been imprisoned, that he asked me my opinion respecting the murders.

I could merely agree with all Paris in considering them an insoluble mystery. I saw no means by which it would be possible to trace the murderer.

"We must not judge of the means," said Dupin, "by this shell of an exam-

ination. The Parisian police, are cunning, but no more. There is no method in their proceedings, beyond the method of the moment. They make a vast parade of measures; but, not unfrequently, these are so ill-adapted to the objects proposed.

"As for these murders, let us enter into some examinations for ourselves, before we make up an opinion respecting them. An inquiry will afford us amusement" [I thought this an odd term, so applied, but said nothing], "and besides, Le Bon once rendered me a service for which I am not ungrateful. We will go and see the premises with our own eyes. I know G—, the Prefect of Police, and shall have no difficulty in obtaining the necessary permission."

The permission was obtained, and we proceeded at once to the Rue Morgue. This is one of those miserable thoroughfares which intervene between the Rue Richelieu and the Rue St. Roch. It was late in the afternoon when we reached it, as this quarter is at a great distance from that in which we resided. The house was readily found; for there were still many persons gazing up at the closed shutters, with an objectless curiosity, from the opposite side of the way. It was an ordinary Parisian house, with a gateway, on one side of which was a glazed watch-box, with a sliding panel in the window, indicating a *loge de concierge*. Before going in we walked up the street, turned down an alley, and then, again turning, passed in the rear of the building—Dupin, meanwhile, examining the whole neighborhood, as well as the house, with a minuteness of attention for which I could see no possible object.

Retracing our steps we came again to the front of the dwelling, rang, and, having shown our credentials, were admitted by the agents in charge. We went upstairs—into the chamber where the body of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been found, and where both the deceased still lay. The disorders of the room had, as usual, been suffered to exist. I saw nothing beyond what had been stated in the *"Gazette des Tribunaux."* Dupin scrutinized every thing—not excepting the bodies of the victims. We then went into the other rooms, and into the yard; a gendarme accompanying us throughout. The examination occupied us until dark, when we took our departure.

"Madame and Mademoiselle L'Espanaye were not destroyed by spirits,"





my friend said. "The doers of the deed were material and escaped materially. Then how? Let us examine, each by each, the possible means of escape. It is clear that the assassins were in the room where Mademoiselle L'Espanaye was found, or at least in the room adjoining, when the party ascended the stairs. It is then, only from these two apartments that we have to seek issues. The police have laid bare the floors, the ceiling, and the masonry of the walls, in every direction. No secret issues could have escaped their vigilance. But, not trusting to their eyes, I examined with my own. There were, then, no secret issues. Both doors leading from the rooms into the passage were securely locked, with the keys inside.

"Let us turn to the chimneys. These, although of ordinary width for some eight or ten feet above the hearths, will not admit, throughout their extent, the body of a large cat. The impossibility of escape by means already

examining the other window, a similar nail was seen similarly fitted in it; and a vigorous attempt to raise this sash failed also. The police were now entirely satisfied that escape had not been in these directions. And, therefore, it was thought a matter to withdraw the nails and open the windows.

"My own examination was somewhat more particular, and was so for the reason I have just given—because here it was, I knew, that all apparent impossibilities must be proved to be not such in reality.

"The murderers did escape from one of these windows. This being so, they could not have refastened the sashes from the inside, as they were found fastened;—the consideration which put a stop, through its obviousness, to the scrutiny of the police in this quarter. Yet the sashes were fastened. They must, then, have the power of fastening themselves.

"There was no escape from this conclusion. I stepped to the unob-

stant, being thus absolute, we are reduced to the windows. Through those of the front room no one could have escaped without notice from the crowd in the street. The murderers must have passed, then, through those of the back room. Now, brought to this conclusion in so unequivocal a manner as we are, it is not our part, as reasoners, to reject it on account of apparent impossibilities. It is only left for us to prove that these apparent 'impossibilities' are, in reality, not such.

"There are two windows in the chamber. One of them is unobstructed by furniture, and is wholly visible. The lower portion of the other is hidden from view by the head of the unwieldy bedstead which is thrust close up against it. The former was found securely fastened from within. It resisted the utmost force of those who endeavored to raise it. A large gimlet-hole had been pierced in its frame to the left, and a very stout nail was found fitted therein, nearly to the head. Upon



KEEP WRITING IT  
UNTIL YOU REMEMBER  
-  $2+2=4$  NOT 5





# FUNNY FRIGHTS















structed casement, withdrew the nail with some difficulty, and attempted to raise the sash. It resisted all my efforts, as I had anticipated. A concealed spring must, I now knew, exist; and this corroboration of my idea convinced me that my premises, at least, were correct, however mysterious still appeared the circumstances attending the nails. A careful search soon brought to light the hidden spring. I pressed it, and, satisfied with the discovery, forbore to upraise the sash.

"I now replaced the nail and regarded it attentively. A person passing out through this window might have reclosed it, and the spring would have caught—but the nail could not have been replaced. The conclusion was plain, and again narrowed in the field of my investigations. The assassins must have escaped through the other window. Supposing, then, the springs upon each sash to be the same, as was probable, there must be found a difference between the nails, or at least between the modes of their fixture.

"Getting upon the sacking of the

bedstead, I looked over the head-board minutely at the second casement. Passing my hand down behind the board, I readily discovered and pressed the spring, which was, as I had supposed, identical in character with its neighbor. I now looked at the nail. It was as stout as the other, and apparently fitted in the same manner—driven in nearly up to the head.

"You will say that I was puzzled; but, if you think so, you must have misunderstood the nature of the inductions. To use a sporting phrase, I had not been once 'at fault.' The scent had never for an instant been lost. There was no flaw in any link of the chain. I had traced the secret to its ultimate result—and that result was the nail. It had, I say, in every respect, the appearance of its fellow in the other window; but this fact was an absolute nullity (conclusive as it might seem to be) when compared with the consideration that here, at this point, terminated the clew. 'There must be something wrong,' I said, 'about the nail.' I touched it; and the

head, with about a quarter of an inch of the shank, came off in my fingers. The rest of the shank was in the gimlet-hole, where it had been broken off. The fracture was an old one (for its edges were incrustured with rust), and had apparently been accomplished by the blow of a hammer, which had partially imbedded, in the top of the bottom sash, the head portion of the nail.

"I now carefully replaced this head portion in the indentation whence I had taken it, and the resemblance to a perfect nail was complete—the fissure was invisible. Pressing the spring, I gently raised the sash for a few inches; the head went up with it, remaining firm in its bed. I closed the window, and the semblance of the whole nail was again perfect.

"This riddle, so far, was now unriddled. The assassin had escaped through the window which looked upon the bed. Dropping of its own accord upon his exit (or perhaps purposely closed), it had become fastened by the spring; and it was the retention of this spring which had been mistaken by the police for that of the nail—further inquiry being thus considered unnecessary.

Those found were at least of as good quality as any likely to be possessed by these ladies. If a thief had taken any, why did he not take the best—why did he not take all? In a word, why did he abandon four thousand francs in gold to encumber himself with a bundle of linen? The gold was abandoned. Nearly the whole sum mentioned by Monsieur Mignaud, the banker, was discovered, in bags, upon the floor.

"I wish you, therefore, to discard from your thoughts the blundering idea of motive, engendered in the brains of the police by that portion of the evidence which speaks of money delivered at the door of the house. Coincidences ten times as remarkable as this (the delivery of the money, and murder committed within three days upon the party receiving it), happen to all of us every hour of our lives, without attracting even momentary notice. Coincidences, in general, are great stumbling-blocks in the way of that class of thinkers who have been educated to know nothing of the theory of probabilities—the theory to which the most glorious



objects of human research are indebted for the most glorious of illustration.

"In the present instance, had the gold been gone, the fact of its delivery three days before would have formed something more than a coincidence. It would have been corroborative of this idea of motive. But, under the real circumstances of the case, if we are to suppose gold the motive of this outrage, we must also imagine the perpetrator so vacillating an idiot as to have abandoned his gold and his motive together.

"Keeping now steadily in mind the points to which I have drawn your attention—the peculiar voice, that unusual agility, and that startling absence of motive in a murder so singularly atrocious as this—let us glance at the butchery itself. Here is a woman strangled to death by manual strength, and thrust up a chimney head downward. Ordinary assassins employ no such mode of murder as this. Least of all, do they thus dispose of the murdered.

"Think, too, how great must have been that strength which could have thrust the body up such an aperture so forcibly that the united vigor of several persons was found barely sufficient to drag it down!

"Turn, now, to other indications of the employment of a vigor most marvellous. On the hearth were thick tresses—very thick tresses—of gray human hair. These had been torn out by the roots. You are aware of the great force necessary in tearing thus from the head even twenty or thirty hairs together. You saw the locks in question as well as myself. Their roots (a hideous sight!) were clothed with fragments of the flesh of the scalp—sure token of the power which had been exerted in uprooting perhaps half a million of hairs at a time.

"The throat of the old lady was not merely cut, but the head absolutely severed from the body: the instrument was a mere razor. I wish you also to look at the brutal ferocity of these deeds. Of the bruises upon the body of Madame L'Espanaye I do not speak. Monsieur Dumas, and his worthy Monsieur Etienne, have pronounced that they were inflicted by some obtuse instrument; and so far these gentlemen are very correct. The obtuse instrument was clearly the stone pavement in the yard, upon

which the victim had fallen from the window which looked in upon the bed.

"If now, in addition to all these things, you have properly reflected upon the odd disorder of the chamber, we have gone so far as to combine the ideas of an agility astounding, a strength superhuman, a ferocity brutal, a butchery without motive, a grotesque horror absolutely alien from humanity, and a voice foreign in tone to the ears of men of many nations, and devoid of all distinct or intelligible syllabification. What result, then, has ensued? What impression have I made upon your fancy?"

I felt a creeping of the flesh as Dupin asked me the question. "A madman," I said, "has done this deed—some raving maniac, escaped from a neighboring Maison de Santé."

"In some respects," he replied, "your idea is not irrelevant. But the voices of madmen, even in their wildest paroxysms, are never found to tally with that peculiar voice heard upon the stairs. Madmen are of some nation, and their language, however incoherent in its words, has always the coherence of syllabification. Besides, the hair of a madman is not such as I now hold in my hand. I disentangled this little tuft from the rigidly clutched fingers of Madame L'Espanaye. Tell me what you can make of it."

"Dupin!" I said, completely unnerved; "this hair is most unusual—this is no human hair."

"I have not asserted that it is," said he; "but, before we decide this point, I wish you to glance at the little sketch I have here traced upon this paper. It is a fac-simile drawing of what has been described in one portion of the testimony as 'dark bruises and deep indentations of finger nails' upon the throat of Made-moiselle L'Espanaye, and in another (by Messrs. Dumas and Etienne) as a 'series of livid spots, evidently the impression of fingers.'

"You will perceive," continued my friend, spreading out the paper upon the table before us, "that this drawing gives the idea of a firm and fixed hold. There is no *slipping* apparent. Each finger has retained—possibly until the death of the victim—the fearful grasp by which it originally imbedded itself. Attempt, now, to place all your fingers, at the same

time, in the respective impressions as you see them."

I made the attempt in vain.

"We are possibly not giving this matter a fair trial," he said. "The paper is spread out upon a plane surface; but the human throat is cylindrical. Here is a billet of wood, the circumference of which is about that of the throat. Wrap the drawing around it, and try the experiment again."

I did so; but the difficulty was even more obvious than before. "This," I said, "is the mark of no human hand."

"Read now," replied Dupin, "this passage from Cuvier."

It was a minute anatomical and generally descriptive account of the large fulvous Orang-Outang of the East Indian Islands. The gigantic stature, the prodigious strength and activity, the wild ferocity, and the imitative propensities of these mammals are sufficiently well known to all. I understood the full horrors of the murder at once.

"The description of the digits," said I, as I made an end of the reading, "is in exact accordance with his drawing. I see that no animal but an Orang-Outang, of the species here mentioned, could have impressed the indentations as you have traced them. This tuft of tawny hair, too, is identical in character with that of the beast of Cuvier. But I cannot possibly comprehend the particulars of this frightful mystery. Besides, there were two voices heard in contention, and one of them was unquestionably the voice of a Frenchman."

It is possible—indeed it is far more than probable—that he was innocent of all participation in the bloody transactions which took place. The Orang-Outang may have escaped from him. He may have traced it to the chamber; but, under the agitating circumstances which ensued, he could never have recaptured it. It is still at large.

If the Frenchman in question is indeed, as I suppose, innocent of this atrocity, this advertisement, which I left last night, upon our return home, at the office of 'Le Monde' (a paper devoted to the shipping interest, and much sought by sailors), will bring him to our residence."

He handed me a paper, and I read thus:





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"How was it possible," I asked, "that you should know the man to be a sailor, and belonging to a Maltese vessel?"

"I do not know it," said Dupin. "I am not sure of it. Here, however, is a small piece of ribbon, which from its form, and from its greasy appearance, has evidently been used in tying the hair in one of those long queues of which sailors are so fond. Moreover, this knot is one which few besides sailors can tie, and it is peculiar to the Maltese. I picked the ribbon up at the foot of the lightning-rod. It could not have belonged to either of the deceased. Now if, after all, I am wrong in my induction from this ribbon, that the Frenchman was a sailor belonging to a Maltese vessel, still I can have done no harm in saying what I did in the advertisement."

At this moment we heard a step upon the stairs.

"Be ready," said Dupin, "with your pistols, but neither use them nor show them until at a signal from myself."

The front door of the house had been left open, and the visitor had entered, without ringing, and advanced several steps upon the staircase. Now, however, he seemed to hesitate. Presently we heard him descending. Dupin was moving quickly to the door, when we again heard him coming up. He did not turn back a second time, but stepped up with decision, and rapped at the door of our chamber.

"Come in," said Dupin, in a cheerful and hearty tone.

A man entered. He was a sailor, evidently—a tall, stout, and muscular-looking person, with a certain dare-devil expression of countenance, not altogether unprepossessing. His face, greatly sunburned, was more than half hidden by whisker and mustachio.

He had with him a huge oaken club but appeared to be otherwise

unarmed. He bowed awkwardly, and bade us "good-evening," in French accents, which, although somewhat Neufchatelish, were still sufficiently indicative of a Parisian origin.

"Sit down, my friend," said Dupin. "I suppose you have called about the Orang-Outang. Upon my word, I almost envy you the possession of him; a remarkably fine, and no doubt a very valuable animal. How old do you suppose him to be?"

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The sailor drew a long breath, with the air of a man relieved of some intolerable burden, and then replied, in an assured tone:

"I have no way of telling—but he can't be more than four or five years old. Have you got him here?"

"Oh, no; we had no conveniences for keeping him here. He is at a lively stable in the Rue Dubourg, just by. You can get him in the morning. Of course you are prepared to identify the property?"

"To be sure I am, sir."

"I shall be sorry to part with him," said Dupin.

"I don't mean that you should be at all this trouble for nothing, sir," said the man. "Couldn't expect it. Am very willing to pay a reward for the finding of the animal—that is to say, any thing in reason."

"Well," replied my friend, "that is all very fair, to be sure. Let me think!—what should I have? Oh! I will tell you. My reward shall be this. You shall give me all the information in your power about these murders in the Rue Morgue."

Dupin said the last words in a very low tone, and very quietly. Just as quietly, too, he walked toward the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. He then drew a pistol from his bosom and placed it, without the least flurry, upon the table.

The sailor's face flushed up as if he were struggling with suffocation. He started to his feet and grasped his club; but the next moment he fell back into his seat, trembling violently, and with the countenance of death itself. He spoke not a word. I picked him from the bottom of my chair.

"My friend," said Dupin, in a kind tone, "you are alarming yourself unnecessarily—you are indeed. We mean you no harm whatever. I pledge you the honor of a gentleman, and of a Frenchman, that we intend you no injury. I perfectly well know that you are innocent of the atrocities in the Rue Morgue. You have nothing to conceal. You have no reason for concealment. On the other hand, you are bound by every principle of honor to confess all you know."

"So help me God!" said he, after a brief pause, "I will tell you all I know about this affair—but I do not expect you to believe one half I say—I would be a fool indeed if I did. Still, I am innocent, and I will make a clean breast if I die for it."

What he stated was, in substance, this. He had lately made a voyage to the Indian Archipelago. A party, of which he formed one, landed at Borneo, and passed into the interior on an excursion of pleasure. Himself and a companion had captured the Orang-Outang. This companion dying, the animal fell into his own exclusive possession. After a great trouble, occasioned by the intractable ferocity of his captive during the home voyage, he at length succeeded in lodging it safely at his own residence in Paris, where, not to attract toward himself the unpleasant curiosity of his neighbors, he kept it carefully secluded, until such time as it should recover from a wound in the foot, received from a splinter on board ship. His ultimate design was to sell it.

Returning home from some sailor's frolic on the night or rather in the morning, of the murder, he found the beast occupying his own bedroom, into which it had broken from a closet adjoining, where it had been, as was thought, securely confined.



Razor in hand, and fully lathered, it was sitting before a looking-glass, attempting the operation of shaving, in which it had no doubt previously watched its master through the key-hole of the closet. Terrified at the sight of so dangerous a weapon in the possession of an animal so ferocious, and so well able to use it, the man, for some moments, was at a loss what to do. He had been accustomed, however, to quiet the creature, even in its fiercest moods, by the use of a whip, and to this he now resorted. Upon sight of it, the Orang-Outang sprang at once through the door of the chamber, down the stairs, and thence, through a window, unfortunately open, into the street.

The Frenchman followed in despair; the ape, razor still in hand, occasionally stopping to look back and gesticulate at his pursuer, until the latter had nearly come up with it. It then again made off. In this manner the chase continued for a long time. The streets were profoundly quiet, as it was nearly three o'clock

in the morning. In passing down an alley in the rear of the Rue Morgue, the fugitive's attention was arrested by a light gleaming from the open window of Madame L'Espanaye's chamber, in the fourth story of her house. Rushing to the building, it perceived the lightning-rod, clambered up with inconceivable agility, grasped the shutter, which was thrown fully back against the wall, and, by its means, swung itself directly upon the headboard of the bed. The whole feat did not occupy a minute. The shutter was kicked open again by the Orang-Outang as it entered the room.

The sailor, in the meantime, was both rejoiced and perplexed. He had strong hopes of newly recapturing the brute, as it could scarcely escape from the trap into which it had ventured, except by the rod, where it might be intercepted as it came down. On the other hand, there was much cause for anxiety as to what it might do in the house. This latter reflection urged the man still to follow the fugitive. A lightning-rod is ascended without

difficulty, especially by a sailor; but, when he had arrived as high as the window, which lay far to his left, his career was stopped; the most that he could accomplish was to reach over so as to obtain a glimpse of the interior of the room.

At this glimpse he nearly fell from his hold through excess of horror. Now it was that those hideous shrieks arose upon the night, which had startled from slumber the inmates of the Rue Morgue. Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter, habited in their night clothes, had apparently been occupied in arranging some papers in the iron chest already mentioned, which had been wheeled into the middle of the room. It was open, and its contents lay beside it on the floor. The victims must have been sitting with their backs toward the window; and, from the time elapsing between coming of the beast and the screams, it seems probable that it was not immediately perceived. The flapping to of the shutter would naturally have been attributed to the wind.

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As the sailor looked in, the gigantic animal had seized Madame L-Espan-aye by the hair (which was loose, as she had been combing it), and was flourishing the razor about her face, in imitation of the moitons of a barber. The daughter lay prostrate and motionless she had fainted. The screams and struggles of the old lady (uring which the hair was torn from her head) had the effect of changing the probably pacific purposes of the Orang-Outang into those of wrath.

With one determined sweep of its muscular arm it nearly severed her head from her body. The sight of blood inflamed its anger into frenzy. Gnashing its teeth, and flashing fire from its eyes, it flew upon the body of the girl and imbedded its fearful talons in her throat, retaining its grasp until she expired. Its wandering and wild glances at this moment upon the head of the bed, over which the face of its master, rigid with horror, was just discernible.

The fury of the beast, who no doubt bore still in mind the dreaded whip, was instantly converted into fear. Conscious of having deserved punishment, it seemed desirous of concealing its bloody deeds, and skipped about the chamber in an agony of nervous agitation; throwing down and breaking the furniture as it moved, and dragging the bed from the bedstead. In conclusion, it seized first the corpse of the daughter, and thrust it up the chimney, as it was found; then that of the old lady, which it immediately hurled through the window headlong.

As the ape approached the case-ment with its mutilated burden, the sailor shrank aghast to the rod, and rather gliding than clambering down it, hurried at once home—dreading the consequences of the butchery, and gladly abandoning, in his terror, all solicitude about the fate of the Orang-Outang. The words heard by the party upon the staircase were the French-ians exclamations of horror and affright, commingled with the fiendish jabberings of the brute.

I have scarcely anything to add. The Orang-Outang must have escaped from the chamber, by the rod, just before the breaking of the door. It must have closed the window as it passed through it. It was subsequently caught by the owner himself, who obtained for it a very large sum at a traveling circus in Paris.



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